

K. 35



(Die Schuldigkeit des Ersten Und Vornehmsten Gebotes)

Issue Number 11

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This is a Grendel Press International Publication under the confusing editorial supervision of Conrad von Metzke. Address, P.O. Box 8342, San Diego, CA. 92102. Telephone (714) 239-1574.

In this issue the following exciting things will happen:

1. The California Civil war will be terminated.
2. The poetry contest will wrap up.
3. Chess Nuts will return.
4. Another poetry contest will start, in a sense.
5. In the game, damn near nothing will happen.
6. Eric Just will submit a move.
7. Standby players will be appointed.
8. Conrad will publish his new limerick.
9. John Beshara will be insulted again.
10. A list of contents will appear for the first time in the seven-year history of Grendel Press. However, due to inefficient preparation of said list, it will be virtually useless.

First, Conrad proudly unveils his new limerick:

There once was a man from Bhutan
Who turned himself into a crouton.
This wasn't too neat
'Cause he thus had no feet
And could never again get his boot on.

Then, we proceed to the poetry contest results. The runoff ballot was mildly disappointing in that only seven people voted. Said votes, however, made winners of the following:

Category C - Winner, Bill Linden, 'A postal Diplomacy Nero....'

Category D - Winner, Carol Ann Buchanan, 'Said JB to his friend....'

Category E - Winner, Eric Just, 'If some day....'

Category H - Winner, Rod Walker, 'The Sun on the couch....'

Category I - Winner, John McCallum, 'San Diego / New York....'

Category J - Winner, Rod Walker, 'When Franz Josef Haydn....'

rather a special sub-category. This supposedly dealt with Poems About William of Orange. I gather that the misinformation on this matter came from a note I made in Issue #4, in which the original rules of the poetry contest were being delineated and I stuck in an editorial note that, if the poem was to rhyme, nobody would be writing anything about William of Orange. This is because there is no word in the English language that exactly rhymes with 'orange.'

So for Issue #5 two people took up the challenge and wrote poems on William of Orange. After that other people jumped on the bandwagon, and before I knew it poems on William Of Orange were leaping from the rafters.

So let's formalize it. I hereby open for general participation the William of Orange Clerihew Contest (for a definition of a clerihew see Issue 4), deadline for the next issue, April 8, 1972. All recipients may enter. The following are the entries thus far:

When William the Oranger
Kenn'd the 'Rhyme to Porringer'
It was instantly banned
In every county of the land. (Bill Linden)

Willem Van Nassau
Never visited Passau.
He wished that he could give a knock
To every bloody Wittelsbach. (Bill Linden)

EMULOUS

Ambitious Prince Billy Orange
Didn't act silly, or hinge
His vast desires on luck;
But to England he straightaway struck. (Dan Barrows)

Van Oranj is Willem;
He vows to kill 'em
As battle they join
At the side of the Boyne. (John McCallum)

William, the Orange Prince
Did not stop at hints,
As the MacDonalds found
When they went to ground. (Bill Linden)

That's it so far. As you see, the misinterpretation carried so far that people concentrated wholly on the William of Orange part and quite forgot that the whole original point was to rhyme the word orange.

Well, there's the field. Old entrants may write more, new entrants may write many --it's wide open. Entry deadline April 8, ballot to be sent out the issue after that. Go to it.

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Back Issue Freaks: I still have copies of Issues 5-10 at a dime each if interested. Issues 1-4 are all gone, sorry.

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The standby players appointed for this game are (1) Payton Turpin, (2) Peter Weber. These two gentlemen are quite welcome to join in the press release business as of now, provided that they don't dateline anything from on the playing board.

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The Game!

Game 1971-BA - Spring 1904

ALL PRESENT AND ACCOUNTED FOR!
BALKAN REGION A LOGJAM; RUSSIA MOVES IN
NORTH, GERMANS SLITHER EAST.

AUSTRIA (Marogg): a vic-gal. a bud (s) vic-gal.
ENGLAND (Barrows): f nth-nwy. f nwg (s) nth-nwy. f ec-nth.
FRANCE (Peery): a bel (s) ger holl. a mar (s) bur. a bur (s) bel.
f glyo (s) mar. f spa sc (s) bre-mid. f bre-mid.
GERMANY (Just): a den-swe. a holl-ruh. a mun-bur. a ber-sil. f
khkhkhkh kie-holg.
ITALY (Walker): a tyo (s) aus vic. a tri (s) aus bud. f nap-apu.
f ion-emed. f wmed-tun.
RUSSIA (Ward): a nwy (h). a swe-den. a gal (s) rum-bud. a rum-bud.
f sev (h). f bal (s) swe-den. f bar (s) nwy.
TURKEY (Ver Floog): a bul (s) ser. a ser (s) russ rum-bud. f smy-emed.
f con-aeg. f bla (h). f are-ion.

The German army Denmark retreats to Kiel.

Fall 1904 Moves must be in on Saturday, 8 April 1972, 12noon.

And now, before the press, let me list the following Special Awards in the Poetry Contest, submitted by Larry Peery:

Most Poisoned Pen: John Beshara.
Most Verbosity: Larry Peery.
Most Content: John McCallum.
Most Improved: Margaret Gemignani.
Most Rhythm: Anders Swenson.
Most Clever: Edie Birsan.

PEERIS (13 Mar. 1904): The Government Information Office announced today that the newly-commissioned Third Fleet would sail from Brest, Lorient, and other bases in the Cherbourg for trials in the Mid-Atlantic Ocean. In the meantime the Foreign Office announced that they were keeping a careful watch on developments in Eastern Europe. In the meantime the Senate today approved extension of the Franco-German Alliance and approved a new consulate pact with Peerijavo.

URCH, Peerijavo: The Director-General of the Parliamentary Subcommittee on Running the Government, which runs the government, today revealed the new treaty with France. It establishes thirteen Peerijavian consulate offices in France, all located in Cannes and/or Nice, and in return locates a new French consulate with responsibility for Peerijavo in Kungung, Sarawak. The Peerijavian consulates are under the management of a governmental agency known as Total Information Non-restriction. Thus the new consulates in France are referred to as T.I.N., Cannes.

KANKAKEE (25 Mar. 1904): His Holiness, Pope Glissandus the High-Strung, today marched into this small Illinois village at the head of his armies, the armies of the Most Orthodox Theocracy of Benevento. Earlier this week, His Holiness had made a surprise landing in Chicago, and after routing the civic militia, set about conquering the entire state of Illinois. Reaching Kankakee, Pope Glissandus bypassed such points of civic pride and interest as the power works, the money order outlets, the Bank of Kankakee, and Woolworth's, and descended immediately on a small store on the other side of the bridge over the Kankakee River. A huge neon sign proclaimed the place to be "Dirty Harry's Smut Emporium," and in the window was the warning, "No Miners Allowed, So If You're a Minor, Don't Come In Because Everything Here Is Fascinatingly Filthy and Dirty!" His Holiness opened the door and was about to step in when he was overrun by a herd of galloping cats who proceeded, while still piled on top of the Pope, to put on a demonstration which would have caused Madame Flossie of Neu-Comorrah, Poderkagg, to blush. Finally His Holiness, feeling a great urge to wash, fled the premises.

SACRAMENTO (6 Apr. 1904): Thousands of cohorts, gleaming in purple and gold, naturally, descended upon the capital of California today. Easily routing the pathetic defenses, forces of the Ineluctable Kingdom of Sicily of the Latter-Day Saints seized the city and the person of Dame Princetonia Garrigus. Ineluctable King Giuseppe Smittini, eyeing the poor wretch, had her transported to the zoo and thrown into the same cage with 87 sex-starved baboons. Tune in later for the startling (we hope) conclusion to this latest turn of events. Perhaps we should say climax....

JAMUL (17 Apr. 1904): State Highway 94 (which may be paved any year now) was the scene of an exciting chase today. The Inhabitants of Dull Zura were shocked out of their wits when hundreds of war chariots of the Neo-Roman Empire pulled into town. No sooner had the lascivious Romans seized the only good-looking females in town - five heifers, a mare, and a ewe - when an incredibly aged voice could be heard wailing above a mechanical roar: "Stop! Stop, law-breakers!" Sure enough, it was Boleslav Codger, astride his motorized wheel chair, roaring down the road to give the Neo-Romans more traffic tickets (Centurion Marcus Licentius Crassus has received no fewer than 597 tickets from Codger thus far). Quickly the Neo-Romans

took to their heels (Codger, in view of the heifers, was going to charge them with child-molesting, too), and the race was on again.

The sight was incredible. Up hill and down dale streamed the pack of fear-crazed Neo-Roman chariots. Not far behind roared Codger, racing along in his putt-putt wheel chair, blowing his siren (a whistle he found in a box of Cracker Jack, in the days when he still had teeth), and waving his ticket book. Faster and faster the absurd parade careened until - mirabile dictu! - the defenses of Jamul were breached, scattered, and thrown to the winds by the charge of the horror-maddened Neo-Romans. Codger was disposed of by the only shot the Jamulian defenders got off, which got him right in his ticket book, thus cancelling out all the tickets before ~~them~~ they were even written.

In a trice, the now-triumphant Neo-Romans rounded up the entire California rebel government, including General Matzohball (or whatever his name is) and, parading them to the San Diego Zoo, prepared to feed them to the lions (or have them trampled by elephants) (then the lions could have hamburger). Duchess Lucretia of Meste is of course on hand to witness the proceedings, and a good time is anticipated by all.

What will happen now? Tune in later (just below, most likely) for the strange but not unanticipated denouement of this mess.

BARAD FELTON: I suppose John Beshara's role in press releases must be getting old by now, Conrad, but do you notice the novel ways we work it in? ((No.)) That's called putting old swine in new bottles. Besides, John-John started yelling about it before it happened, and I don't want him to feel disappointed, inasmuch as he was so generous (and anxious) to point out this ideal role for him in press releases.

JAMUL: Sorting out the tangled heap of their ruptured defenses this a.m., Jamulians noticed a sinister and pregnant thread in the whole situation. Following this thread, the Jamulians wound their way back through Dulzura (which, after Codger and his friends, could hardly be dull any more; in fact, in preparation for Codger's next chase scene, they're building two gas stations, a restaurant, and a trinket shop), Barrett Junction, Tecate, Potrero, bypassed the Sacramentoite garrison still defending Campo, and arrived in Boulevard. There the thread turned 153 degrees to the left, and led the Jamulians through Pine Valley, Guatay, Descanso, Alpine, and into the suburban outskirts of San Diego. At this point, somewhere in La Mesa, the end of the thread was reached. It turned out to be connected to the badly-ravelled sweater of Boleslav Codger, who was speeding his way toward the San Diego Zoo with two new ticket books. Accompanied now by the Jamulians, Codger zipped to the reptile house and found Duchess Lucretia. Then he zoomed to the lion enclosures and found a horde of Neo-Roman chariots, illegally parked beside several fire hydrants, while their occupants prepared to toss General William Matselboba and his major followers to the lions. With a shriek of rage, Codger descended on the chariots, and within the incredible space of four minutes had issued both ticket books completely. Meanwhile, seizing the initiative during the diversion, Matselboba's Jamulian forces surrounded the entire Neo-Roman entourage and truded them off to jail. The only individual to escape the whole scene was Duchess Lucretia herself, who at last report was engaged to the cobra.

By this incredible act Codger has become the hero of Jamulian territory and is reportedly readying a campaign for governor.

PLACERVILLE, California: Passing through this town east of Sacramento on their way from securing Markleeville and Bear Valley, Jamul's Army of the North encountered Sacramentoite pickets who advised that a marauding band of Italian-speaking religious fanatics had captured Dame Princetonia Garrigus and were laying waste to Sacramento. With a unison exclamation from the entire Jamulian force, breathed as one, of "why, those dastardly persons unknown are attempting to remove the Dame from our grasps, and are damaging her capital ere we surround and besiege it!", the Jamulians sped unmolested into the city itself, dashed unerringly to the zoo, and released Dame Princetonia. She was a bit tired, to be sure, but a large number of primate mammals hovering near her exhibited a marked degree of uncontrollable passion, which, however, appeared impossible of surfeit in the confines then attendant. Thus the mammals, faster than a speeding ticket - er, bullet - dashed from the cage and ripped every single Sicilian in the city to ribbons. Meanwhile, Princetonia, obviously grateful to whoever her rescuers might be, engaged in the first attempts at fraternization between Sacramentoans and Jamulians ever recorded. These contacts took many hours and were on a one-to-one basis all the way, pardon the shotgun puns, but it seems that a new era is dawning in California.

VIENNA, Mar. 22, 1904: "Not sunk yet" was the brave toast given by the Emperor Attilio to begin the celebration dinner aboard the new flagship of the Austrian Navy, the river gunboat Lark Twain. "Now you all know," continued the Emperor, "our Mediterranean Fleet was not sunk in open-battle. Deprived of an operating base by the Italian occupation of Trieste, it was scuttled in Scutari harbor on my orders to prevent its falling into Turkish hands. Though woppish wiles have deliv'ered the Balkans over to the Turk, you can be sure we will stand fast upon the Danube to protect what is worthy of European civilization."

The dinner ended with the playing of the new Austrian Naval March, Bloody Blue Danube. Your 'International Enquirer' reporter was granted an interview with the Emperor upon presentation of the necessary credentials (tip, German marks or Italian lire no longer acceptable). My first question was, "why have you dropped the designation 'United Peoples', and now refer to 'Austria' and the 'Austrian Fleet'?" "Because pretense don't plant no 'taters, boy," the Emperor replied. "Come fall, I'll be lucky if it is still Austria. You people wouldn't be looking for a good rewrite man in Zurich, would you?" I told him yes, and if he knew of anyone whose English wasn't burdened with a regional accent, please send him along. "What is worthy of European civilization?" was my second question. I thought the Emperor's simultaneous reply of "My ass, you sod!" and hurling me head first over the stern railing of the Lark Twain quite unworthy of a scion of Stuart-Bonaparte.

TRIESTE, May 1, 1904: Defying the ranks of Italian militia (ranks is an apt description) and forcing them back towards the harbor until they were sheltered under the guns of the Italian warships, the people of Trieste liberated this city, and most of the hinterland. Bearing signs proclaiming "Neither Hun nor Wop," the followers of the partisan leader, self-styled 'Marshal' Frito, cheered wildly as the Marshal, speaking from

the Ferris wheel at the local amusement park, proclaimed SLAVADESH as an autonomous republic within the Union of the Peoples of Europe and Asia (UPEURAS). "No Emperors or Kings can save the peoples of Europe and Asia from the degradation and deprivation, let alone the death and taxes, that plague us today. It is up to the people, and myself, as first hero of the people, to carry the black, blue, and bloody banner of the Anarchistic Republic socio-capitalism on to victory!"

JAMUL: Released in the Jamul Gnus-Herald today: "President Goerberpi of the United States, Northern Division, today announced recognition had been extended to the newly-proclaimed state of Slavadesh. Vice-President Aaghnaw sent a congratulatory golf ball. In the Senate, prominent members' reactions were almost unanimously favorable. "'Bout time that son-of-a-bitch President got off his ass and did sumpin!...I've been proposing the same thing for at least an hour!" - George McGovernass. "This act of open-heartedness towards an oppressed people finally liberated from tyranny and slavery will serve as a bridge between...no, maybe that's the wrong word to use...let's talk about something else." - Teddiebear Cannedy. "That's awl well an' good, but whaddabout th' wah in-Vee-yet-nasm, the pore Injuns, th' unemplawed, th' Yew-Enn, th' Ahms Race, th' Nee-grow race, an' mah new dam down theah in Pine Bluff?" - J.Billiam Fowltrite. "Did you know that Marshal Frito is a Communist-dupe in the State Department, and I have here a list of two hundred and five repetitions of his name...." - ol' what's-his-name from up thataway, you know, him!

JAMUL: Secret messages from Jamulian agents in the Slavic provinces have sent several messages of late, via carrier pigeon, indicating that the reports of the scuttling of the Austrian fleet in Scuttelari harbor are slightly exaggerated. It is rumored, though not proved, that the real reason why the Eastern Mediterranean Ocean remains unoccupied at this moment has nothing to do with the mysterious device commonly known as a 'Rule.' Rather, the area has been mystically sealed off by a force-fence-of old paddle wheel spokes, while the invisible, impossible, and highly unlikely Austrian navy actually floats around refitting for a new assault. This report is quite sketchy, but it does note that, quite unnoticed by the rest of the world, the new Austrian Naval Anthem (Bloody Blue Danube) contains the following stanza:

(to the tune of the real 'Blue Danube')

There's always hope,
'Long as the Pope
Don't sail east, nor the Sultan west.
We'll go to Cai-
Row if we try;
But we would rather go home and rest!

BAKERSFIELD: Governor Ronald Rayguns today formally ceded all California territory south of this city to the new State of Jamul. He indicated that exhaustive secret negotiations had shown that this was the best way out of the crisis and would preserve California in its dominant place in the United States. The Jamulian Government formally renounced all claims north of the Los Angeles-Kern County lines in the East and the Santa Barbara-San Luis Obispo County lines in the west. The Governor indicated that increasing foreign involvement had turned the affair into an

international incident, "and the fine people of California don't need no frogs, wops, queers and slopeheads telling them their business." All foreign treaties were disavowed.

PASO ROBLES: Mayor Samuel Yorty, formerly of Los Angeles, has asked and been granted asylum. The Jamulians are not expected to request, or allow, his return.

JAMUL: Newly-elected Governor of Jamul Boleslaw Codger today signed the treaty of agreement with Governor Rayguns of California, in which the terms of the Sacramento cessation of hostilities were accepted. All prisoners of war have been exchanged, and all foreign elements (except Lucretia, who him is honeymooning in Valley Center) have been thrown out. Sacramento retains the enclave of Campo, but the other boundaries are as declared by Rayguns. Jamulian Lt-Gov. Matselboba, however, corrected one small, serious error in the Sacramento press of late. Mayor Yorty, says Matselboba, has not taken asylum in Paso Robles, but rather in neighboring Atascadero.

The only question remaining unsolved is this: Is it true what we hear about wedding bells for Nurse Princetonia Garrigus and Governor Codger? Provided, that is, that Miss Garrigus settles her ticket....

MOSCOW: TOP SECRET: FOR YOUR EYES ONLY: From General Staff Command to Northern Front Commander. The political situation with the German Republic grows tenser every hour. To date no response has been received from the urgent attempt of Ambassador Voroshilov to convey our concerns. You are to go to 100% alert and strengthen defensive positions. We recommend the occupation of Denmark to create a more defensive line. NO attack into Germany proper is to be made without clearance on the highest level.

SEVASTOPOL: Grand Duke Popogord celebrated the fall of Budapest with an impressive 16-hour orgy, impressively aided by 16 hours, a gift of the Sultan. ((The celebration was patterned directly after the Victory Party for Tom Dewey in 1948.)) The Grand Duke also announced his recognition of, and support for, the Independent Duchy of Vienna, felt to be a likely target of Italian subversion.

SIMFEROPOL: Professor Anatoly Smythe-Jones unveiled his masterwork, "Morphology and Politics: A Study of the Influence of Body Type on Power." After years of exhaustive research the book makes clear that a slim, moderately tall frame makes for intelligence and reliability. An excess of weight, and an excess of height, say over 6'3", usually reflects a corresponding deficit of both intelligence and reliability. Further research is being conducted to determine the causes of these relationships. On the basis of this study the Department of External Affairs has determined that the Sultan is the most trustworthy ally, and the editor of this rag the greatest threat, of Sevastopolitan Objectives.

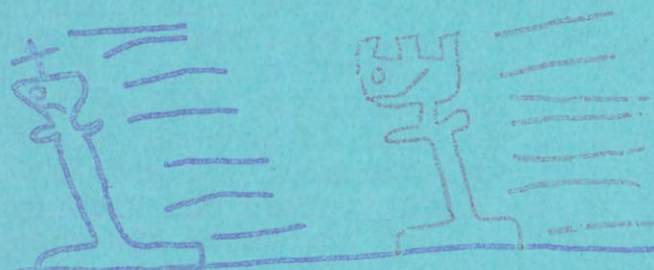
JAMUL: On the other hand, it has been asserted by members of the Department of Anthropology at Jamul A & M that inclination to baldness, life in trailer parks, and a fondness for weird flags leads to hemorrhoids of the cerebellum. For further expansion on this whole matter we give you Professor Brent N. Kox-Ploo, who we understand is writing a paper on this very thing. (If he doesn't write it by next issue I'll write it for him, but I'd better give him his chance. That's your cue, Baghdad-baby, don't blow it - unless you at least offer me some first.)

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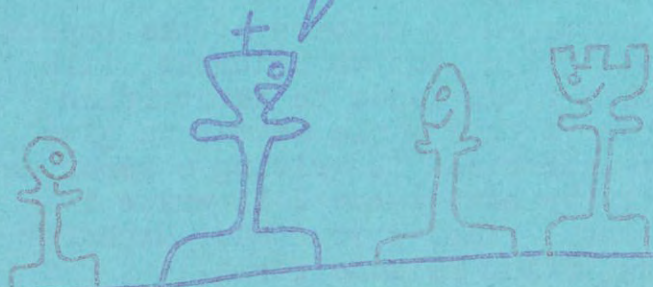
At last! At last!

CHESS NUTS

by Phil Fuckley



A HORSE! A HORSE!
MY KINGDOM FOR
A HORSE!



YOU WERE EXPECTING
MAYBE DAN BLOCKER?

